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Baltic-Byzantine Cultural Relations

by

OSKAR LOORITS

COLLECTANEA

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MATERIAL CONCERNING BALTIC-BYZANTINE CULTURAL RELATIONS

WITH regard to their history and cultural traditions the new Baltic States form three distinct groups. Finland has, for centuries past, been in close contact with Scandinavian and northern culture, the same as Lithuania with Poland and the Roman Catholic Church. The intermediate group, which is to be the subject of this treatise, is made up of Estonia and Latvia. These came under the supremacy and cultural influence of the German crusaders, beginning with the thirteenth century. The Livonians, on the river Daugava (Dvina), nearest of kin to the Estonians, were the first to feel the German "Drang nach Osten", and have, in the course of centuries, nearly died out. The more original pagan culture of the Estonians differs noticeably from that of the Letts, whereas, under the influence of the Germans (and partly of those Livonians who amalgamated with the Letts), the later cultural aspect of the Estonians and Letts shows fairly assimilated features. The cultural level of the pagan Estonians and Letts has, repeatedly, been very much underestimated by the Baltic Germans, who allege that all the higher culture and Christianity have come to these peoples from the Germans alone. The archæologic, ethnographic, folkloristic, and linguistic investigations of the last few years, however, show that even previous to the German invasion the Baltic countries stood on an economical and cultural level not inferior to that of their neighbours. Intercourse with Scandinavia on the one hand, and with the east of Europe on the other, was so lively that the culture of those countries was fairly well known in the Baltic. And the culture of Eastern Europe stood, at that time, partly under the very strong influence of Byzantium, whence Greek Catholicism spread to Russia. More and

more the fact becomes evident that even previous to the German invasion the current of Greek Catholic culture, emanating from Byzantium, included parts of the Baltic countries within the sphere of its influence. This is proved, in the first place, by linguistic data. The Finnish scholar J. J. Mikkola shows, in his treatise *Berührungen zwischen den westfinnischen und slavischen Sprachen* (Helsinki, 1894) that all Baltic-Finnish languages (Finnish, Karelian, Vepsian, Votish, Estonian, Livonian) have borrowed the main stock of the Christian terminology from Russian. Words like *raamat* "the Bible > book," *rist* "cross," *papp* "priest," *pagan* "pagan," etc., were well known to the Estonians and Livonians before the arrival of German missionaries. Quite as familiar to them were the fundamentals of the Christian outlook upon life with its observances (e.g. the ideas of sin and fasting) and the outline of the Christian calendar with its weekly division and the celebration of certain days (e.g. the terminology and customs of the Estonians, Livonians and Letts, connected with Easter). It is especially typical that in Finnish the names of the days of the week are borrowed from Swedish, whereas in Estonian, Livonian and Lettish, they are mostly translated from Russian (not German!). In my treatise *Liivi rahva usund*, ii, (Tartu, 1927), I believe to have proved that the conception of the devil, also one of the great figures of Christian mythology, was known in Estonian and Livonian before the arrival of the Germans, as a loan from Russian. Further, it would be necessary to inquire whether, along with these terms and ideas, some Christian legends and the motifs of some Oriental stories that had spread to Russia, either through the medium of the Byzantine cultural centre, or from outskirts of the Orient itself, were not known here. In any case, the Baltic countries have, to the present day, preserved a great many stories of Oriental origin, especially many dualistic cosmogonic, theogonic, anthropogonic, etc., myths, which have been more specially investigated by A. Veselovsky and O. Dähnhardt.¹

¹ А. Н. Веселовский, *Разыскания въ области русскаго духовнаго стиха*, xi (Сборникъ отдѣленія русскаго языка и словесности Императорской Академіи Наукъ, xlv. No. 6): *Дуалистическія повѣрья о мірозданіи* (1889); O. Dähnhardt, *Natursagen*, i. (1907).

These are quite right, when they point to the sect of the bogomily as the medium in spreading these myths. Unfortunately, however, neither of those two writers knows the folklore of the Baltic countries very intimately, except a few Lettish variants and one Estonian pseudo-folkloristic etiologic-myth (Dähnhardt, i. 68). To fill in this gap, at least partially, I publish here some hitherto unknown specimens from the stock of Estonian stories.²

(1) *About the Creation of the World.*—In the beginning, when God was creating the Heaven and the Earth, the Spirit of God moved upon the water. And as he moved onward over the water, there was made a splashing sound, and God saw bubbles rising to the surface of the water. Out of that splashing sound a voice spoke: "Wait for me." So God stood still waiting and wondering who it was; for God thought there was no one there but himself. When he had come near to God, God asked him: "Who art thou?" He replied: "I am Another One." Then God bade him dive under the water and fetch up a handful of earth. The Other One dived. But he desired to fetch up secretly some earth for himself also, and as he had nowhere to hide the earth, where God would not see it, he put it in his mouth and so brought up with him a little earth for himself also. God now cast some of that earth from underground upon the water, and land began to grow of it speedily. And in the mouth of him who fetched the earth from under the water, land began to grow also. God marvelled very much at the way his face was growing big and hideous, and asked: "What is it thou hast in thy mouth, that thy face is so big, spit it out."

²A good selection of corresponding Lettish creation (etiologic) myths has been published by the Lettish Folklore Archives under the title *Latviešu Folkloras Krātuxes teikas par Dievu* (Riga, 1929, with a German digest of the context). Catalogues of Finnish, Estonian, and Livonian creation (etiologic) myths, see FF Communications, Nos. 8, 25, 33, and 66; cf. also FFC. 106.

The Estonian originals are to be found, and can be asked for, in the Estonian Folklore Archives, address: Estonian National Museum, Tartu, Estonia, under the numbers as given at the foot of each tale.

About the collections of Estonian Folklore see, for instance, *Folk-Lore*, June 1923, page 109.

But he would not spit. God moved on again, and when, after a few days, he saw the man again, and saw that his face was more hideous still, God spoke: "Listen now, Satan, spit out what thou hast in thy mouth." That is how he was given his name "Satan." But still he did not spit. Then God spoke for the third time: "Now, listen, Satan, spit it out, or thou shalt perish." Then Satan spat with might, and the spittle spread so wide that of it came all the bogs, fens and lakes that are on earth.—About how the hills and valleys came to be, we are told as follows: God, having created the world, went out to level the land with his own foot. Satan went too. But Satan stamped so hard that a valley remained (where he hit the land) and the land rose in a heap, so that there was a hill. He knew that God would set man to live on earth, and if the land would all remain level, mankind would not remember him or God. But now, whenever anyone is about to ascend a steep hill, they say: "Oh God Father, help to get up that hill." And when they go downhill, and their heavily loaded carts begin rushing downhill very fast, whereby they often are damaged, the cart rushing on to the horse's heels, they say: "Ah, thou evil spirit!"—*H. ii. 29, 623/5 (1) < Vönnu, Kastre—J. Suits (1888).*

(2) God had created all the earth beautiful and asked Old Jude (the devil) to come and see what he thought of it. They moved on terribly fast. Where Old Jude winked his eye (shut his eye), the beautiful earth remained, and where he opened it, came bogs and fens.—*H. R. 4, 71 < Ha-Madise, Vasalemma—A. Treumann (1887).*

(3) *Whence the Earth, the Moon, the Sun, and the Stars have come.*—Old God had a big wheel, which he had fastened who knows where. Once he began turning that wheel round, driving it round gradually faster and faster; at last he gave it a real swing, so that the wheel spun round like a (whirl)-wind, and unfortunately or fortunately went to pieces. The splinters flew far and wide abroad. One bit only remained under the feet of Old God, that he turned into our Earth. Those other bits he adorned until they shone and twinkled. They became the Sun,

the Moon, and the Stars. Our Earth seemed, in the eyes of God, to become too big. Therefore he called upon Jude (the devil), his handy man and servant, to squeeze the earth a little smaller. God pressed from our side, Satan from the side of Rõuge. As Satan is always apt to do all his work in a slipshod way, so here, too, he pressed hurriedly and carelessly, and so ruined the even level of the land there, so that Rõuge is hilly country now, and that is how the hills of Haanja have come to be.—*H.* ii. 32, 632/4 (1) < Rāpina—J. Poolakess (1889).

(4) In the olden times God created Heaven and Earth, the Angels and Man. There was plenty of land, but too few human beings. Then God spoke to his Chief Angel: "Go thou to the northern end of the earth, and I will go to the southern. Then we will squeeze the earth smaller. But press gently." The Chief Angel went, and he was angry at God's enterprise turning out so well. And to mar God's work he pushed very hard, so that all the country was spoilt and turned into valleys and hills. That, they say, is why the country to the north is fairly hilly, while to the south it is level land. Thereupon God grew angry and cast the Chief Angel down from Heaven into Hell.—*H.* iii. 11, 115 (1) < Rõuge, V.—Nursi—Jaak Palu (1890).

(5) *How all the Angels were Created.*—God had made his angels out of the sand of the sea. When the devil saw that, he also began making angels for himself. But he failed in making them out of the sand of the sea. They were all as white as God's angels and joined them, so that their number only increased by it. Then Old Jude (the devil) was wroth. He took a stone and began striking sparks out of it. And out of those sparks flew many black angels of the devil's, so that their number was greater than that of God's angels. And that is how the white and the black angels were created, in times of yore.—*H.* ii. 44, 185/6 (4) < Rõngu, Hellenurme—Johann Eisenschmidt (1866).

(6) *The Birth of the Angel Michael.*—When there was neither heaven nor earth yet, the whole world was under water. Not

a soul was to be seen anywhere. On the waves of the water a boat-like vessel was moving with a little soul in it. That soul was God's Son. The boat moved over the waves lightly in every direction, God's Son sitting in the bow of the boat and rowing with great agility along over the waves. While rowing along, the spirit rowing in the boat spat over his left shoulder upon the water. The spittle remained floating on the water, and soon began to grow, and it became a living moving body. That is said to have been the first birth. This was the first Living Soul, or the Angel Michael. When the Heaven was completed, and the Earth becoming visible in the water, the (newly) born angel went up to the spirit rowing in the boat on the water, and asked him for some servants, too, who might serve him. The Spirit in the boat said: "Take a bit of rock and a piece of iron out of the earth. With that piece of iron strike at the bit of stone. The sparks that will drop in thy lap while striking the iron at the stone, shall be thy slaves. The sparks that will spring straight in my direction shall be mine. Those that will rain down past the sides of thy lap shall become the Weather Forces." The Angel speedily took a bit of rock and a piece of iron from out of the ground and began striking the one at the other. The sparks mostly flew straight toward the spirit in the boat; very few fell into the angel's lap. Many of those, even, that began raining into his lap, dropped past the sides of his lap on the ground. The Spirit of the boat said: "I am God's Son. Now take thou thy share that has been allotted to thee, the sparks that are in thy lap, and with me will remain those that sprang to me." And again spirits became of them. God's Son had his angels of those sparks that sprang his way, and the spirit who had asked for slaves had angels of his. The strokes that caused the sparks became Thunder, the sparks that fell past the lap of the Angel asking for slaves became Fire and Lightning. Now the Angel had his slaves, and he himself, as a higher spirit, having the rights of the first-born, went to God's Son and demanded half the kingdom of the world and the command thereof. God's Son promised him the third part of his realm, as his due. The Angel, who thought himself the highest of the angels, was not satisfied and insisted on having

half the kingdom. God's Son would not grant him more. Then the Chief Angel became insolent and bold and drove his angels to war against the angels of God's Son, to wrench half the kingdom from him by force. God saw the wicked design of the wicked angel and the war between the angels and spoke: "Thou, Angel Michael, who hast turned wicked, thou art not fit to live by my side." Then God took the Angel Michael and cast him and all his angels from Heaven down to earth. The casting down of the wicked angels lasted for three days. For three days sparks kept showering down like fire. The earth is said to have been as hot as a fiery oven, and the stones as soft as clay or lead. Wherever an angel falling from heaven fell on a stone, be it with his head or his foot, with his hand or his side, a print remained on that stone, a print as of a head, or a hand, or a finger, or a foot, or a toe, as you find them in stones, and popular tradition has made up such an old tale. But surely it is "the tooth of time" that has cut into the stones those marks that have given birth to this story among the people.—*H.* ii. 33, 653/5 (1)—J. Pint (1889).

(7) *About the Archangels.*—Satan was over all the angels. He had three pairs of wings, a sword in his hand, and he had also been given a crown of honour. He worked much evil and many other angels followed his lead. Then there was one of God's angels, "Micha" by name. He had two pairs of wings, but a crown of honour he had not. Micha summoned together all God's angels and went to war against Satan and his angels. For three days and nights there was bitter war between them. Then a great number of spirits is said to have fallen down like a drizzle. Those spirits that fell face downward are said to have done no harm; but those who fell down on their backs are said to breathe from time to time. Therefore people in our parish still believe and will tell you: "This person (or that) has been hurt by the breath of the earth." And in the place, where that person took hurt, a spirit fallen from Heaven is said to have breathed. Or some other person is said to have been hurt by the breath of the water; some third person again by the breath of the fire. Those spirits are said to have fallen down every-

where; they are said to breathe from time to time, and whoever happens to be near at the time, when they breathe, takes hurt. When many spirits had already fallen from Heaven, Micha and his companions threw Satan also down from Heaven. And that is why God gave him the name of "Michael", which means God's Archangel. Michael now asked God also for a crown of honour and a third pair of wings. But God would not give (him what he asked for) but said: "I gave thee a sword, go and conquer Satan thyself, and take his crown of honour from him and his wings." Then Michael came down from Heaven and made friends with Satan. They began measuring the earth, and afterwards the sea. When the width of the sea had been measured, it still remained to measure the depth of the sea. Michael bade Satan dive to the bottom of the sea, but he did not dive. Michael dived himself. A second time Michael bade Satan dive, but again Satan did not dive. Michael dived himself. For the third time Michael bade Satan dive, and when he again refused, Michael jeered at him. Then Satan dived. But as soon as he went under water, his crown of honour remained floating on the water, for it was lighter than water. Michael now took the crown of honour and began flying heavenward. Satan comes up out of the sea and beholds Michael high up in the clouds. Speedily he follows him. Michael sees him flying and now tries to fly very fast. But Satan is gaining on him still, for he has three pairs of wings, and Michael two. When Michael sees him drawing nearer, he prays, "Father, help me, Satan will catch me." But the Father spoke: "Vanquish (him) thyself; to that end I gave thee thy weapon." As Satan now drew near, Michael was quick enough and hacked off two pairs of Satan's wings. Now Satan could no longer follow him. Thus Michael now flew heavenward: the crown in one hand, and his sword in the other. Michael was crowned with the crown of honour that had been Satan's before, above all the other angels.—*H.* ii. 29, 625/8 (2) < Vönnu, Kastre—J. Suits (1888).

One of the most popular etiologic-myths in Estonia is that about the creation of the Wolf by the devil (see Dähnhardt,

i. 149). The Estonian Folklore Archives possess more than a hundred variants of it. The same story is familiar also in Latvia, but quite unknown in Western Europe. On the whole, there exists a great number of stories about the Wolf in the Estonian and Lettish stock of tales. These are, as it seems, in part original and sprung from the circumstances of real life, in part borrowed from the German world of thought. Often, however, they appear to have spread to the Baltic countries from the east. Beside the myth about the creation of the Wolf, the cycle of stories dealing with the wolves as "St. George's Puppies" (*püha Jüri kutsikad*) in Estonia, or "God's Dogs" (*Dieva suni*) in Latvia, in particular reveal their eastern origin. I give here some examples of the Estonian Wolf stories.³

(8) The Wolf was brought by the Old Evil One, and made of a hedge-pole, that is why he is as stiff as a stick and cannot turn round, except by turning his whole body. When God had created all the animals, the Old Evil One said: "Do let me, too, create something." Then God spoke: "Create away." He then took a hedge-pole and made the Wolf, but seeing he could not put life into him, he went to ask God. God bade him call out: "Arise, Wolf, devour the Evil One." But he did not call out so, he called: "Arise, Wolf, devour God." But the Wolf did not stir on that. He then went again to God; there he was told: "Call out as thou wast bidden, and he will come." Nothing else remained, so he said in a very low voice from a great distance: "Come on, Wolf, devour the Evil One." And up was the Wolf, his eyes burning in his head like torches, and looked round where he might get hold of the Old Evil One. The latter, however, took to his heels, as fast as he could. Since then the wolves always chase the Old Evil One. If they catch him anywhere, they will surely devour him.

³ Lettish ones, see *Latviešu Folkloras Krātuves teikas par Dievu*, Nos. 62 sqq. Cf. P. Šmits, *Latviešu mītoloģija*, ii. ed. (1926), pp. 105 sqq.; M. Gaster, *Rumanian Bird and Beast Stories* (London, 1915), pp. 79 sqq.; A. Н. Веселовский, *Разыскания . . .*, v. 328 sqq., 458 sq. (*Сборники . . .*, xxxii.).

Having come to life now, he came to God complaining: "Where am I to find something to eat? There is nothing there anywhere." Then God decreed that every housewife, whenever she baked bread, should bake a Wolf's loaf (with her bread). Then the Wolf was made to wander all over the country, from farm to farm. He was given a good nose. When he now smelt, where they were baking bread, there he went by the smell, and received his Wolf's loaf. So the Wolf was kept in food for a long time. But it happened that there was a miserly housewife, who said: "After all, how can I afford to bake a loaf for him every time." And so she once baked a stone red hot in the oven, and when the Wolf came for his loaf, she threw the stone right into his jaws, and it burnt the Wolf's jaws black, and black they remained for ever after. But before that (happened) the Wolf had had a beautiful mouth. Then again the Wolf went to God and complained: "I dare no more go look for my loaf, they burn my mouth. Now I must starve." And God said: "Do not worry. If the housewives are so miserly that they will not feed thee amicably, I will impose it as a penalty on them that thou mayst go among their flocks and take and eat their sheep, or whatever thou canst get." The Wolf said: "What is the use of them? They are a bad bellyful, they are raw." But God spoke: "Do not mind that. They will be cooked all right, when the shepherds chase thee."

Since then the wolves began eating cattle. And when in a hard winter, they cannot catch anything, say a young hare or a puppy, they flock together in packs and howl with bitter hunger, lifting their noses heavenward. Then they are fed from heaven, pieces of something like clodded blood or curdled milk falling down. When the wolves eat of it, their hunger is stilled for a long time, and they do not want to eat for quite a while. A man, too, once tasted of it, when, passing through a wood, some of it fell on his sled. After that the man did not eat, till late in summer, only slept all the time.

The wolves do not carry animals away indiscriminately. They have their rule and punishments too. And what they are

permitted (to take) they carry off. But if they take anything disregarding the commandment, their Master punishes them, has them torn to pieces by the other wolves. On St. George's Day every wolf is bridled and provided with a bit. Then his Master sits on his back. When he now comes across a flock, he may not take anything, unless he is permitted. Sometimes he is not permitted. Then the wolf snaps and snaps, his jaws wide open, but cannot catch hold of anything. In winter, from St. Michael's Day till St. George's Day, they cannot so easily get hold of anything, for then the cattle are penned up in their stables. Then the wolves are unbridled. What a wolf has caught must not be taken from him on a stranger's ground. When a wolf has been among your flock and passed the boundaries of your estate, it is no good chasing him; what he has got he has got. A farmer once took a goose from a wolf on another man's ground. But great calamity befell him, and nothing remained for him, but to let the wolf have his good plough ox. If in winter, when the snow is deep, you meet a wolf on the road, you must not try to frighten him off the road by chasing him and throwing things at him, but you must say nicely: "Stranger, half the road for thee, the other half for me." Then he will nicely let you pass without hurting you. But if you annoy him, he will grow angry, and rush at you, and do you much harm. A stone is the heart of a wolf. You must never throw a stone at a wolf, or he will be more angry still, and attack you. When you catch sight of a wolf, suddenly, and are terrified, your voice is taken from you, so that you are unable to scream. When the wolves howl loudly in packs, it means that a great taking of recruits (a war) is coming. An old wolf is said to have boasted: "In my lifetime I have devoured fifty squeak-noses (pigs), sixty thump-legs (horses), a hundred hornies (cattle), and a thousand little woolly-heads (sheep)."

A wolf has the heart of nine men, but the strength of one man. A bear has the strength of nine men, but the heart of one man. That is why a wolf can overcome a bear, and even devour him afterwards.—*H. ii. 3, 523/3* (Vastseliina—H. Prants (1888)).

(9) *St. George's Puppies*.—Once a man was driving along the road. On the road was St. George with his Puppies, and they had turned their noses heavenward as if expecting to receive something from there. The man said: "Give the road free!" St. George's Puppies separated into two crowds. The man got the road free and drove on. St. George said to the man: "Throw that thing there down from thy sled for the Puppy." The man looked back and saw that one of the Puppies had run after him. The man looked and saw in his sled a piece of something that was like a cake of soap and brown. The man bit off a morsel of it for the Puppy, and the latter went back to the rest. The man went back home and lived for nine weeks, without eating or drinking, and did not die.—*E.* 13888 (5) < Saarde, Jäärja—J. Kangur (1894).

(10) One early morning, before dawn, a woman went into the wood to look for her horse. She looked for it everywhere, but in spite of all her endeavours, she did not find it. At last, though, she caught sight of a fire, and she turned to go towards it, thinking that shepherds were holding nightwatch there. Having come near to the fire the woman saw a crowd of people sitting round the fire. The woman asked: "I say, ye good people, have ye seen my black horse with a white star on his forehead?" The eldest replied: "Yes, we have. A little while ago one of my Puppies carried it off to the other side of that fence. Thou shalt have it back soon." And he said to the youngest, "Go and patch that horse up again, and bring it here to this woman." He who received the order went at once, and after a little while, came back to the fire with the horse and gave it to the woman. The woman thanked them and was glad to have her horse back. She turned and started on the way home. But one of those sitting round the fire asked: "Dost thou know who we are? We are St. George's Puppies." The woman, hearing this, was terrified and dared not once look back. The populace call the wolves "St. George's Puppies" to the present day. The horse that the Puppy went to fetch from behind the fence had already been (lying) lifeless by the side of the fence, killed by the wolves. This happened and was,

when all the animals could speak.—*EKS.* a 8/9 < Jõhvi—Tõnu Wiedemann.

(11) St. George's Dogs are never allowed to kill sheep or cattle, and they do not kill them, either. But those wolves that will kill cattle and sheep, are the wolves the devil (*vana pagan*, "Old Heathen") has made. But those that kill evil spirits and ghosts haunting houses, do not eat the flesh of cattle or sheep. St. George himself feeds them. That is why they are called "St. George's Puppies." Once, in the olden times, one of St. George's Puppies killed a farmer's sheep and carried it off into the wood. The farmer at once knew it had not been a real wolf, and immediately went to St. George in the wood. St. George was sitting on a tree-stump, and a pack of wolves were with him. The man told St. George his story. St. George at once summoned his wolves before him to see if there was not among them one whose mouth was watering. The one whose mouth was watering was the guilty one. And was not the mouth of one of them watering! St. George at once asked him: "Why didst thou devour this farmer's sheep?" The wolf replied: "I was hungry." St. George said: "If thou wast hungry, why didst thou not come and ask me for food, why didst thou go and steal?" St. George at once bade the other wolves kill this one, and the other wolves killed him on the spot, in obedience to St. George's command. Thus St. George never permits his wolves to kill cattle, but he feeds them himself.—*H.* ii. 39, 124/5 (235) < Koeru, Vaali—H. A. Schults (1890).

St. George has, more than any other Saint in the Baltic countries, preserved his Greek Catholic character, by the side of later Roman Catholic additions. Unfortunately, the folklore concerning the saints in Estonia and Latvia has not been sufficiently investigated to define more specially their Roman and Byzantine traits. To prove, however, that among the stories about Saints we find motifs that have evidently spread to the Baltic countries via Russia, I bring here one Estonian (12) and one Lettish (13) variant of a legend that appears to be known all over Eastern Europe, in the Balkan countries, in the Caucasus, and, perhaps, even in India. In Central Europe this

legend is known only to the Slavonic peoples, who have also borrowed it from Byzantium.⁴

(12) *St. George and St. Nicholas*.—For his day's work and his fair words a cottager once received a bit of fallow land from his farmer. He ploughed and tilled it nicely, then, with a bottle of gin, went begging among his acquaintance, and received about the third of a bushel of wheat. On St. Nicholas' Day he planned to sow the wheat. He took the horse he had got from somewhere in the village by the bridle, put the sack on the horse's back, shouldered the plough, and started on the way to his field. At the edge of his land he stopped, pondering which half of it to leave unsown. Seeing there was enough land for about two-thirds of a bushel, one half of it would remain empty, anyway. The land had been night pasture for horses, and was situated by the edge of the wood, so the man decided to leave unsown the half next to the wood. While he was still standing on his boundary and striking fire to his pipe, two men came out of the wood. The one took the horse, the other the sowing sieve; the one ploughed like anything, the other sowed like anything. And by the time the man had rested a little and finished his pipe, they were both ready with their work; the one with his ploughing, the other with his sowing. The sower had sown the whole of the land. But now came the demand for a reward. The man said: "I myself have nothing to eat, what reward can I give you?" "We want no other reward, but thou must say which is the better of us two, the sower, or the ploughman?" The man said: "Ye are both equally good." But neither of the two was satisfied with that: "Thou must say which of us is better." The man was at a loss (what to say). At last he said

⁴ J. Polívka, *Pohádkoslovné studie*, 181-188 (*Národopisný Sborník československý*, x. 2, Praha, 1904); Ю. А. Яворский, *Памятники галицко-русской народной словесности*, i. 279-280, № 10 (*Записки Императорского Русского Географического Общества по отделению этнографии*, xxxvii. 1, Киевъ, 1915); Н. П. Андреев, *Указатель сказочных сюжетов по системе Аарне*, No. *846 (Ленинград, 1929); V. Tille, *Seupis českých pohádek*, 575-576 (*Rozprawy České Akademie Věd a Umění*, iii. 66, Praha, 1929).

with a wolf's courage : " The sower is the better." This word angered the ploughman so much that he turned to walk off in the direction of the wood, shaking his fist and saying : " Nowhere else shall anything grow, but in the hoofprints of the horse." The man was stunned, how his gentle words could have made so much mischief. The sower, who had been praised, remained with the man, comforted him that he should not despair, and promised to advise and help him in the future. He advised him to buy a pint of gin, make the nightwatchman drunk and drive the horses all over his wheat to have it trampled by their hoofs, while the nightwatchman was sleeping himself sober. " If thou wilt do that, I will surely advise thee in the future again." The man did what he was told, and the wheat grew to a man's height and so thick that a mouse could not slip through. At harvest time the sower ordered the wheat to be bound in small sheaves, and at thrashing time a sheaf to be placed in each corner of the drying loft. Each of these four sheaves filled the hut. The man became rich. For Christmas the sower bade the man brew ale of the wheat, pour some of it into a jug with a many-coloured lid and ask both the sower and the ploughman to his feast. The man prepared a grand feast and asked them and the village people to his feast on Christmas Eve. The sower again advised the man : " When we have eaten, bring us some ale in thy new jug with the many-coloured lid. I shall meet thee and pretend to want to take the jug out of thy hands. But thou hit me on my ear with the palm of thy hand and say : ' Not for thee am I giving this feast, I am giving this feast for the ploughman,' and offer him the jug of ale, then he will be pleased, and we shall all be reconciled again. He is St. George, who is over the beasts and birds of the wood ; I am St. Nicholas, over the water and the fishes." The man would not consent to hitting him, but after he had explained it to him, and said : " It is not necessary that thou shouldst hit me with thy fist, but with the palm of thy hand," the man did as he was told. St. George smiled, when he saw St. Nicholas receive from the man a noisy slap on his ear. They were all reconciled to one another and celebrated Christmas together nicely.—*H.* ii. 51, 571/4 (7) < Paistu, Holstre—J. and H. Ainson (1894).

(13) *St. George and St. Stanislas*.—St. George had taken a rich farmer in his charge, St. Stanislas a poor one. Once they boasted to each other of the wisdom of their respective farmers. “Dost thou know, George,” Stanislas said, “how wise my farmer is? He has sown the whole of his new land with wheat.” “That wheat of his shall not grow, not so much as spring up out of the ground,” replied St. George. St. Stanislas thereupon advises his old man and says: “Look here, sell the new land with the wheat to the rich man at once. That wheat of thine will not grow.” The old man obeys and sells his wheat to the rich man. The rich man, hoping for a good harvest of wheat, buys knowing nothing. After a while they meet again. St. Stanislas says to St. George: “Dost thou know how wise my farmer is? He has already sold his wheat to thine.” “That wheat shall grow (as high and thick) as a wall,” says St. George. After these speeches they go each their way. Again Stanislas advises his little old man to do so and so: to buy the wheat, as the harvest is going to be good. The poor farmer goes to his rich neighbour and says: “I do not wish to cheat thee, brother, the wheat will not grow at all, give me back that piece of new land,” and willingly and gladly the rich man let him have his wheat back. There fell a light and warm rain. On the new land of wheat the young crop was green and, after a while, ripened in waves of golden growth, as yellow as wax. The wheat grew as straight as the reeds and as thick as the willows by the brook, the ears were the size of a hand. St. Stanislas meeting St. George says: “Oh, George, how wise my farmer is! he has bought back the new land of wheat from thine.” “A hail and thunderstorm shall smite that new land of wheat,” was all St. George said. Again St. Stanislas advises his farmer to sell his new land of wheat: “For now the wheat has grown and thy neighbour will be glad to buy it.” The old man obeys St. Stanislas, goes to the rich man and says: “Now the wheat on the new land has grown richly, and may soon be mown, but I need the money badly.” Well, the rich man agrees and willingly buys it back, hoping for a good harvest of wheat. He gloats inwardly over the stupidity of his neighbour. They meet again, and St. Stanislas says: “Dost thou know, George, how foolish

my farmer is? He will not mow his wheat and lets it grow riper and riper, though it has been ripe (enough) for some time." "Let thy wise man do as he pleases. To-morrow there will be a thunderstorm with a hail that will beat the wheat into the ground," St. George answers. After conversing in this manner they separated and each went to his old man. As he had said, so it happened. On the morrow a thunderstorm arose, wind, hail and thunder, and the wheat on the new land was beaten to the ground, so that not an ear, not a little grain of wheat remained. The new land of wheat that had been lovely to look at was now as black as earth and made the heart of its owner ache. The day after the thunderstorm St. Stanislas meeting St. George said to him: "Dost thou know, how wise my farmer is, dost thou know, he had sold his wheat to thine before the thunderstorm?" "His wheat shall become green again and yield fruit a hundredfold," St. George replied, took his leave and went away. St. Stanislas again advises his farmer so and so, and says: "Buy back the wheat from him." The poor man buys, and the rich man sells. "Behold, neighbour, I have cheated thee and I shall buy back the wheat this time again. What is one to do, when God's punishment comes over one," he said. The rich man said, answering him: "Thou art a good and honest man, I shall not forget thy kindness to the day of thy death." The wheat was given back again to the poor man. But after the hailstorm the wheat rose a hundred times better, was green and waved and afterwards ripened like gold, like wax. It was a real joy and lovely to behold God's gift. Meeting St. George, St. Stanislas begins to talk to him and says: "George, dost thou know how wise my farmer is, he has bought back the new land of wheat from thine." "That wheat, even if it is gathered, will give no strength in eating, for it will be carried off through the door of the store-house and sold," said George. After this conversation they separated. The wheat on the new land ripened and was mown. It yielded a hundredfold, when it was thrashed. All the grain chests in the poor man's store-house were properly filled with golden wheat. In order that it should bring thrift when sold, St. Stanislas advised his farmer to break another door in the wall of the store-house and to sell (the wheat).

His old man did so : he broke another door in the wall of the store-house and sold all the grain chests full in his store-house at a high price, got much money for his wheat and lived rich and happy until he died.—*LFK.* 679, 1210 (Bërzgale—Vl. Bojars (1929).

The Prophet Elijah (Ilja) has, in the Greek Catholic world, very largely become a substitute of the pagan god of thunder. As such he is represented also in a legend known in Estonia, the variants of which I have subjected to a detailed analysis in *Sitzungsberichte der Gelehrten Estnischen Gesellschaft*, 1930, pp. 47-121. I give here only one example :

(14) *The Prophet Elijah*.—The Prophet Elijah was born with one leg ; therefore his father carried him into the wood, laid him down under a bush, (thinking) : “ Let the wolf eat him.” So he laid him down on a stone, and there he sat, for thirty years, on the same spot. And then he became a (complete) man. But his father was immensely rich. He had 30 big geldings ploughing. So he went to his father and said : “ Give me one of thy geldings.” And he was told : “ Pick out which thou wouldst like to have.” And he tried them all, but not one of them could carry as much as his hand on its back. They were too weak. But a villager possessed a shaggy foal, and he went to see if it would suit him. And he bought that foal, and it became the steed of a giant-knight. But there was in the forest a very big nightingale, whose song could be heard at a distance of 120 versts, but no one wished to come within 60 versts of it. And his father told him not to go there. But Elijah galloped there on his horse's back, killed the bird, tucked it away under the flap of his saddle, and took it to his father, that he might have a look at it. And he became very dear to the latter for having performed this feat. (Since the time, when Elijah exterminated this breed of nightingale, nightingales have been small, yet their song is still strong). And thereupon Elijah was given the fiery tools of the thunderer, so that he might become the Heavenly Father's subordinate and the ruler of this world. Then he chastised the world with them. Once he fell

asleep on the edge of a lake, and the Old Evil One came and stole his tools from him. And Elijah's guilt was so great that he dared not show himself before the eyes of the Heavenly Father, lest he ask: "Where hast thou put thy tools?" So he went to some place as a farm-hand. There he obeyed another man's commands, and when he was (properly) fed, did all kind of work, the same as the other servants, and was like one of them. But he saw what the others did not see, namely that the Old Evil One used to visit the housewife, when her husband was not at home. So once again, when the farmer came home, the Old Evil One was there, and hid among a heap of straw. And the servant spoke to his master: "Straw is dear in town, it would be well to sell some." And his master gave him leave, and the servant loaded a cart with the straw and went to sell it. But the Old Evil One in the straw begged: "Let me go." And he consented, if he would bring him a sack full of gold. And when he brought it, he let the Old Evil One go free, and carried the money home. But when the money was at an end, the farmer again came home one day, and the Old Evil One was there. And the housewife told him to hide in a deal-box. And he did so. But the servant saw it and said to his master: "I know, deal-boxes are dear in town, it would be well to sell this one, and get a lot of money." And he lifted the box on the cart and went to sell it. But the Old Evil One again begged: "Let me go. I will bring thee a box full of money." And he brought the money and was let free. But still Elijah had not got back his tools, and he went to a fisherman. There he saw the Old Evil One stealing fish, and once he caught him hot-handed and gave him a good hiding. But the latter begged him: "Forgive me. My son's wedding day is coming, and I wished to have some little fishes for his marriage feast. But I will give a bushel of money for the fishes, let me go." But the farm-hand said: "That is not half enough. Thou must ask me to the wedding." But the Old Evil One said: "How can I ask thee?" and the farm-hand replied: "Only knock at this oak-tree, and I will come." And the Old Evil One said: "What of it? Thou canst have that too." And so the Old Evil One asked him to the wedding. And there was an old woman on the stove

who said: "I have been lame in my hip these seven years." And when they began making merry, the farm-hand said, "I know well how to make music," and he asked to be given one particular instrument of music of great size. And when he received it and sounded it once violently, everything in the place was blown into smithereens. So he went his way. He had got his tools back and, thereupon, went back to Heaven. But since then he is very angry with mankind, for he was in exile for seven years.—*H. ii. 3, 318/20 (115)* < Vastseliina—H. Prants (1888).

Curiously enough a similar story has not been traced anywhere in Eastern Europe, up to the present, though, judging from the Estonian variants, it may be safely assumed that the legend has come to Estonia from the east. On the other hand, however, the Estonian variants echo motifs recorded in Iceland, centuries ago, in the *Thrymskvidha* and, partly also, in the *Hymiskvidha*. It follows, apparently, that the story about the theft of Thor's hammer, which has become so widely famous through the *Edda*, is not originally a northern myth, but, to all probability, a Christian legend that has undergone a local poetic transmutation in Iceland (*cf.* the view of K. Krohn, *FFC.* 96, pp. 121-128).

Now we have come to the question of the possibilities for fixing the time at which the motifs of these stories spread. To the Baltic countries eastern motifs could have spread at a more recent date. If, however, the same motifs reached Scandinavia also, this could, naturally, have happened only at a time when there was intercourse between Scandinavia and the east, *i.e.* in the time of the Vikings, when Scandinavian "varangs" belonged to the body-guard of the Emperor at Constantinople, not to mention the lively commercial intercourse that existed between the countries round the Black and the Baltic Seas. The mere existence itself of the motif in western Finland speaks for the early date of its spreading. In the east of Finland, it is true, Russian loans also of more recent periods are known, but those in western Finland are rooted in the time before the country came under Swedish rule in the thirteenth century (if

we have not to do with later Estonian mediation). Thus, for instance, in western Finland a myth has been recorded that is known also to the Estonians, Livonians and Letts, all over Eastern Europe, and even in Siberia. I bring a Finnish (15) and a Livonian (16) variant of it (I have given a more detailed analysis of the story in *Sitzungsberichte der Gelehrten Estnischen Gesellschaft*, 1932) :

(15) In a countryside two cottages were situated close to each other. In one of the cottages the hearth-fire was always put out with dirty water, in the other, however, always with clean water. Once those two hearth-fires conversed about this with each other. Said one hearth-fire : " What am I to do, because they always wash my face (eyes) with filthy water? I will burn them down." Said the other hearth-fire : " Do not burn (them). Our pole for carrying water is there."—" I shall not burn that," said the first hearth-fire. " I shall burn everything else and leave that pole unburnt." Thereupon, one day, the hearth-fire broke loose, and all the rooms and chattels of the cottage were burnt down, but the pole from the neighbouring cottage was not burnt. Since then people have taken to extinguishing their hearth-fires with clean water.—SKS, Österberg Maria 122 < Lohja—Karulina Nyman (1928).

(16) In the olden times all the women of a farm used to do their cooking in a wide hall, each on her own hearth. One night two hearth-fires conversed with each other. One of them said : " Let us spring up to the roof. I have a very bad mistress. She never even bids me ' Good evening.' " The other one said : " Do not let us spring up. I have a very good mistress indeed, and she always bids me ' Good evening.' " We shall do her great injustice. It would be better, if they themselves quarrelled and separated." And then they talked it over, how this was to be done. One of them was the wiser of the two and said : " I will blow cold in burning, and thou heat : then my mistress's kettle will not begin boiling, and thy mistress's kettle will begin boiling." And so a week passed. The kettle of one of the housewives does not boil. When the other one has already boiled two kettlefuls, she has not one. And then they quarrelled, and

on St. George's Day the bad housewife moved to another farm. Then a new housewife came, who would cross the fire.—*LF.* iv. Pitrög, 159—Mari Šaltjār (1925).

Finally, I will touch upon a motif that, by its spreading and gradual development, offers particular interest.—In the Balkan countries the Gipsies are often called Pharaohs and believed to be those of Pharaoh's host pursuing the Israelites that were not drowned in the Red Sea, but remained on the shore. In punishment for this persecution, it is alleged, those Pharaohs are now made to wander all over the world. The same motif is known as far as the Baltic countries, but in Eastern Europe another motif has been linked up with it: those of the "Pharaohs" that were drowned live on in the seas, half fish, half human, singing, crying "Pha-ra-oh" (foreboding storm, among other things) and asking fishermen and sailors about the approach of Doomsday, when they expect to be delivered from their punishment. The same images are well known also in the Baltic countries. In addition to this, people, here, are fond of telling you, as something they have seen with their own eyes, about some such fish-tailed Pharaoh being caught and shown for money in a bath-tub. It is said in Finland (more seldom in Estonia) that some of the Pharaohs (*e.g.* the army cook, a chambermaid, etc.) were transformed into different kinds of sea-birds. Besides, in Estonia and Finland (less frequently in Latvia), a new idea has been added to the motif: Pharaoh's drowned host was transfigured into seals, which animals in appearance and voice so much resemble human beings, as to favour the originating of such a belief. So the Lapps figuratively call a seal: "Pharaoh's daughter." The same image of Pharaoh's host being transformed into seals is known also in Scandinavia; more than that, even from Iceland reports reach us of Pharaoh and his host being transmuted into seals, and the army dogs into grossbeaks (a sea-bird). At Midsummer's Night and Twelfth Night they come ashore in human shape to dance and sing.⁵ Apparently, what we have to do with here, is a contamination of the idea of sirens with the Old

⁵ J. Arnason, *Íslenskar þjóðsögur og Æfintýri*, i. 632, 131, and ii. 572 (Leipzig, 1862),

Testament story about the destruction of Pharaoh's host that have both spread from the Byzantine centre of culture as far up north as Iceland, in the same manner as the story about the theft of the thunderer's tool. To illustrate the development of these images and their transitional stages on their way from Eastern Europe to Balto-Scandia I bring, in this place, one Rumanian text (17) and three variants of it recorded among the Swedes of Finland (18-20) :

(17) *Women-Fish*.—In the sea there is a kind of fish, half women, also called Pharaohs (Faraoni), who hide for the six days when the sea is astir, and on Saturdays, when it is calm, they come to the surface. On that spot then appear a red, a yellow, and a blue streak—the Rumanian colours ! The women at once begin to sing beautifully. From those places of the earth all the pretty songs come to us that wander from mouth to mouth. Where do those songs come from ? The populace believe from very far off, from the Orient. There exists a creature, half fish, half maiden, that sings all kinds of songs to different tunes. From that creature, people beloved by God, who possess the kind heart (the generosity) to tell others, too, what they have heard, sometimes steal a song.—The Pharaohs were born of people cursed by their parents.—T. Pamfile, *Mitologie Românească* (Academia Română—Din viața poporului român—Culegeri și studii xxix), București (1916), p. 301.

(18) Pharaoh's People have become seals. Perhaps part of those who were drowned in the Red Sea became dolphins. They live in the water in the same manner as other creatures of the water. But they always show great cunning. The seals have "hands" that resemble human hands, and hind-fins that resemble human feet. The dolphins resemble seals, but they have holes in their necks, and their hands have been changed into fins, and their feet have become tail-fins. Sometimes Pharaoh's People can, for a short time, regain human shape and come ashore. Never has such a one been caught, but several times similar human shapes have been seen. On the edge of the "Storsjö" (now called Träsk) an old man and his aged wife were

plucking leaves for their sheep, one late evening in summer, when the old man suddenly caught sight of a naked young woman, who was sitting on a stone, close to the water, and tidying her hair, which was coal-black and long. He at once had an uncanny feeling. He noticed that she had full breasts, sagging a little. Her hair became smooth and glossy, when she stroked it with her hand, and he supposed she had a comb, though he could not see it. He poked his old woman in the ribs and whispered: "Look, there." But, although the old woman could see the stone, she could not see the creature on it. All at once the man, who was beginning to be frightened, cried: "Be gone, or . . ." Then the naked woman threw herself into the water (the old woman now saw the water sprinkling and rippling), and the next moment she was gone.

On a fishing expedition, a company of fishermen and sealers once observed a queer animal that resembled a human being, coming out of the sea and sitting on a cliff (whether it was male or female old John Roos, the sealer who told me this, could not remember). Many of the men had their guns in their hands, but not one dared to shoot at the queer "sea-human." At last one of the men said: "If it were the devil himself, I am going to shoot." He crept up closer to the "sea-human," took aim carefully, and fired. He was sure the bullet had not missed, but to his and the other men's amazement and terror, the "sea-human" seemed to take no notice whatever of the shot. It dived back into the sea, though. No one has ever heard such a spook-creature of the sea utter a word or make a sound. Old men, who have been to America in their younger days, have sometimes seen a queer invulnerable animal appear, for a short time, on the surface of the sea out there, for instance a big calf with hanging ears; and those animals have always yelled in an uncanny way, with a voice like a bear's. It is believed that these calves have their origin in Pharaoh's destruction in the Red Sea. No sealer, at least, has ever heard a question uttered from out of the sea, the old sealers say. It is believed that Pharaoh's people are condemned to live in animal shape, for a certain period of time, then comes liberation, but when that is going to happen, no one knows. Nothing is answered, if no questions are asked.

When a seal is caught alive, it is not shown for money, but it is shown to all those in the village who are interested and curious to see "such a funny animal that is so cunning." A fisherman once found a queer animal that had been drowned in his net. He took it home to the boat-house where it attracted a great crowd of people, who wanted to have a look at it. No one was able to tell for sure what kind of animal it was, and everybody thought there was "something odd" about it. It was believed that "it might have had something to do with Pharaoh's People." Pira-Kalle, another old sealer, told me that the women in Sweden used to say to him: "How can you eat the flesh of seals? the seals are Pharaoh's People who were drowned in the Red Sea." My father, too, used to tell me about the aversion to seal-flesh in Sweden. A certain old man had "a great appetite for this sort of dainty-bit," but he was not allowed to accept a seal from the sealers and cook it at home, for his wife and daughter would smash the cauldron and leave the house "for the awful stench of it, and because seals are Pharaoh's People." So the old man had to go out to the seal-boat and eat out of the great cauldron of the sealers. All told, there exist now but few people at Molpe who believe the seals to be Pharaoh's People or Army. But in Sweden our sealers affirm to have met quite a lot of people who strongly believe these things to be true.—SLS. < Molpe, Kornäs—Alvar B. Enberg (1933).

(19) An old sealer's legend narrates that at one time the seals were human and able to talk. They are descended from Pharaoh's People who pursued the Israelites through the Red Sea. When the Israelites had safely got through the Red Sea, and saw Pharaoh's People following them, Moses stretched his staff across the sea. The waves closed over Pharaoh's People, but they were not drowned. After a while they came to the surface, stuck out their heads, and cried anxiously: "Pharaoh, oh Pharaoh!" They had been transformed into seals and were crying to Pharaoh for help. They sing masses, hold council and "Ting," not down in the water, however, but on the shore, or on the ice. Their heads and hands remained like those of human beings, but their legs and feet were turned into a fish-tail, so that they

could dwell on dry land no longer, and pursue the Israelites no further. (They have never been caught.) But for women who are with child it is very dangerous to come across a seal. One such woman, who was drawing water from a hole in the ice, suddenly saw a head and a hand appearing out of the ice-hole. The hand gripped one of the woman's legs and she was very nearly dragged down into the deep. She managed, however, to free herself. When, shortly after, she gave birth to a boy, one of his hands was grown together like a seal's fin, and when he grew up, the man's beard resembled a seal's moustache. It is also rumoured that pregnant women, who had come into touch with seals, have given birth to children that resembled the young of seals, and whose legs were grown together into fish-tails. Pharaoh's People (the seals) are still waiting for Pharaoh to liberate them, therefore they often, as soon as their heads appear on the surface, utter the cry: "Pharaoh, oh Pharaoh!" When the day of liberation will come, no one knows. The question, how Pharaoh's People (the seals) managed to come from the Red Sea to the north, was answered by an old sealer as follows: "When the grey seals are on their wanderings they steer a straight course to the north or to the south across sea and land, until they reach the spot where they wish to dwell. Besides, so many things happened in the times of the Old Testament, which we can now neither grasp nor understand."—SLS. < Replot—Wilh. Sjöberg (1933).

(20) An elderly sailor of our village told me the following: About the people that were drowned in the Red Sea it was believed that they became seals. They always used to listen to anything that was like music, church-bells, for instance, pipes, or other things. When many seals swim in the neighbourhood of a vessel, a gale is to be expected. The same when sharks, dolphins or other creatures show themselves more frequently than usual. The wife of a fisherman, aged 65, told me that people used to picture the Egyptians who were drowned in the Red Sea as seals. Even at the time when she was a child, people on the skerries (islands) used to say, when on a summer morning they heard the uncanny screech of the grey seal:

"Now Pharaoh's People (Faraos folket) have been liberated."
—SLS. < Emsalö (Borgå)—Holger Rosenström (1933).

The above-mentioned motifs of folk-tradition add new proof to the existence of cultural relations between the Baltic countries and Scandinavia on one side, and Eastern Europe on the other, in addition to the evidence collected hitherto. Unfortunately the available material is not complete enough to enable us to draw more exact conclusions, and make a final summary of the matter, for in the Balkan countries and in Eastern Europe comparatively little interest has hitherto been given to the collection of folklore. The Finnish, Estonian and Lettish folklore archives, on the contrary, have, already, brought together a fair amount of rich material, which is not of local value only, but often helps to fill in gaps in the collections of remote countries.

OSKAR LOORITS

Director of the Estonian Folklore Archives

TARTU, October, 1933

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS ON HELSINGFORS TRIAL

THE body-snatching trial that took place in Helsingfors in September 1932 aroused interest far beyond the borders of Finland. Some months before, fragments and severed limbs from human beings had been found in a pond in a piece of waste land quite close to Helsingfors; after long enquiries the police established the fact that these came from illicit exhumations in the cemetery of Helsingfors, and had been used in the rites of Black Magic. They arrested a number of working-class people of both sexes all of whom had recently migrated to Helsingfors from various rural districts.

The judicial grounds for the expression of the opinion that sectarian fanaticism was at the back of the practices seemed to me, as I read the case, to be doubtful. My own knowledge of the folk-superstitions of the rural population, which is the great majority of the people of Finland, pointed rather to a folklore

basis in the main. To gain a correct perspective of the case, it is necessary not only to examine the actual crimes of the prisoners, but also the whole atmosphere of superstition in which they have been born and bred.¹

During my stay in the Baltic Islands off the Gulf of Riga this year, I found much that gives a striking background to the trial. The population of these islands is not only of the same Finno-Ugric origin as the Finns of Finland but has preserved its cultural peculiarities even more markedly owing to the more isolated position. The superstitions and traditions, which still strongly influence the latter, are found to an even greater degree among the islanders, and a consideration of them will throw a good deal of light upon the psychological problem.

During a bare two months' stay in the islands I was able to collect a large number of examples of surviving folk-customs, superstitions and magic, and I will give examples of three classes of them which illuminate some phases of the Helsingfors trial—these are (1) absolute fetich beliefs in folk medicine, (2) beliefs in relation of the dead to health and happiness, (3) uses of fragments of the dead for curative purposes, or as luck bringers, and exhumation.

(1) Fetich beliefs in folk-medicine. Out of many examples I will give in a condensed form the following :—In the island of Oesel there is still in nearly every parish a so-called "stone of sacrifice" upon which harvest offerings are placed "for luck," and also secret offerings are made of coins and metal objects for the cure of various illnesses, especially abscesses and supuration. On the stone of sacrifice near Veskitalu on the motor road from Arensburg to Poihde, which I visited in the company of the antiquary Konrad Wender of Tartu (Estland), we found a great pile of pieces of iron, copper, and metal scraps, with no less than two hundred horse-shoe nails among them. Herr Wender, who has often visited this altar, found a few years ago a whole human hand, full of Russian copper coins. This he removed to ascertain if it would be replaced.

¹ The trial disclosed similar crimes which were certainly not the work of the convicted gang. A résumé of the whole trial in Swedish is to be found in the Finno-Swedish newspaper *Hälfvud Staasbladet* of Helsingfors, No. 264, 29 September, 1932.